



Pictorial Humor



HER IDEA.



Mrs. Justwed—"While I'm at the florist's today I think I'll get an egg-plant."
Mr. Justwed—"Why?"
Mrs. Justwed—"I think I'll raise my own eggs after this."

ONE OF THE QUALITY.

From the London Answers: At a Newcastle shipping office lately a sailor, who had been on shore a considerable time, was "signing on," when he was asked: "What is your name?" "John Smith," replied the seaman. "And your address?" "I have no address," was the sailor's reply. "You must have some address," blurted out the official. "Where do you reside? Where have you been living the last six months?" The tar looked uneasy, but replied: "Well, I suppose if I must tell you, I must. It's No. 111 coal truck."

Too Biblical.

Tess—Of course he wanted to kiss you?
Jess—Oh, yes, and I told him I wouldn't let him.
Tess—And did he realize that you meant what you said?
Jess—No, he didn't see what I meant. I guess he never heard the verb "to let" used in the sense of "to hinder."—Philadelphia Press.

Viola (aged 4)—"Mamma, can I give one of my dolls away?" Mamma—"Why, dear, what do you want to give one away for?" Viola—"Because I find twins too great a charge."

A SMALL THING.



Teacher—"So sickness in the family kept you away yesterday? Nothing serious, I hope?"
Jimmy—Oh! no, ma'am. Me father's just got de smallpox."

Appropriate.

It was very near the pole.
"Times are dull," said the first explorer; "let us have a game of cards."
"Is there any suitable game for these frozen lands?" asked the second explorer.
"Ah, yes, a 'freeze-out' in a game of poker."
Thus we see that even explorers are slaves of circumstances.

Comparisons.

Mrs. Seldom-Holme—My husband is one of the most disputatious mortals alive. I can hardly ever make a statement without his "begging leave to differ."
Mrs. Jenner Lee Ondego—Your husband is an angel. Mine always differs without begging leave.—Chicago Tribune.

Teacher—"Johnny, can you name the three graces?" Johnny (aged 8)—"Yes'm. Breakfast, dinner and supper."

HE WAS RESOURCEFUL.

"No," she said regretfully. "I am sorry, but I cannot give you a favorable answer, I like you, but—"
"Then why do you refuse me?" he demanded.
She sighed and hesitated.
"Do you suppose," she finally said with spirit, "that I am going to play second fiddle to that horrible Miss Links? She has been boasting that she had eight proposals before she finally became engaged, and I will have nine before I accept anyone if I have to wait 10 years."
"You shall have them," he answered promptly. "I'll propose to you twice a night for four nights, and you can accept me on the fifth."
"Oh, you dear, good thoughtful man!" she cried and it was only by a marvelous effort of self-control that she refrained from accepting him immediately.—Chicago Evening Post.

Their Trade Mark.

"Why do poets wear long hair?" asked the young woman who is anxious to learn.
"My dear," answered the young woman who believes there is no such thing as modern literature, "if they didn't wear long hair, how would we know they are poets?"—Washington Star.

AWAY UP.



She—"I've been livin' high dis summer."
He—"What doin'?"
She—"Dancin' on a roof garden."

A Jolly Fisherman.

Mr. Gooph—I tell you, Blithersby's wife is a jewel.
Mr. Whoop—Is that so?
Mr. Gooph—I should say so! Why, he went fishing yesterday, and came home with an empty jug, a can of salmon and two salt mackerel, and she complimented him on his luck.—Baltimore American.

Improving.

Easterner (on his vacation)—I believe there is less of vice and crime among the Indians over here than there used to be. I go beGuf-d; lbadep-JJYkblTA used to be. Is there not?
Comanche Pete—You're right, pard. Th' hain't ez many injuns ez they used to be.—Chicago Tribune.

Hard Luck.

Ethel—I think Jack intends to propose tonight, and I look like a fright from my cold.
Edith—What of it? You said you were going to refuse him with scorn.
Ethel—I was; but if I refuse him with scorn looking like this he'll be deuced glad of it.—Judge.

HIS REASONS.



Kind Lady—"Why do you wear such ragged clothes?"
Tramp—"Me dress suit is getting pressed."

AN ITALIAN BANDIT.

A PRICE ON HIS HEAD AND PURSUED BY SOLDIERS.

Musolino, Stays Remarkable Outlaw, Is Protected by the Peasants, Who Regard Him as a Hero—His Career of Vengeance.

(Special Letter.)

One of the most remarkable brigands who ever lived is Giuseppe Musolino, who for years has been pursued by soldiers in southern Italy, but who, safe in the love of the peasantry for him, has evaded all the traps of his would-be captors. Every man, woman and child in the province of Calabria is willing to risk anything to befriend him and so Musolino, on whose head is a price, leads the soldiery a never-ending race. By the peasantry he is regarded as a victim of the law, by the latter he is looked upon as a bandit.

Musolino up to three years ago led the uneventful life of a wood cutter. One day he became involved quite blamelessly in a sudden quarrel in his father's winery in the village of San Stefano. His two opponents, whom he wished to separate, turned on him with their knives. He defended himself and the quarrelers were parted. A few days later Vincenzo Zoccali, one of the pair in whose wrangle Musolino had interfered, was shot dead by some unseen marksman. Musolino was arrested, arraigned and by a chain of petty evidence, the falsity of which was admitted at the time (and it has since been demonstrated as a personal conspiracy against Musolino by some women concerned) he was condemned to twenty-one years of hard labor as the murderer of the unlucky Zoccali. He was sent to the prison at Gerace. From that hour young Giuseppe Musolino was a changed man in his attitude toward justice and authority in his country. He said: "I shall escape, and once I do escape all Italy shall hear of what I shall do." So he bided his hour to escape from the prison. One night he effected his release by digging a hole in the wall, and therewith began his promised vengeance and his new career.

His Career of Vengeance.

The first thing Musolino did was to proceed to avenge every single person, man by man, woman by woman, who had sworn away his life. He was a "one-shot-and-you-die" fusilier. He prowled about San Stefano and other localities. But his haunts were



GIUSEPPE MUSOLINO.

known only to his true friends, and his carbine grew to be the dread of every guilty conscience in the already notorious Musolino case. But false witness, spy or hostile companion had not much time to worry with conscience. First, the former friend (he of the original fight in the inn); next, the chief traducer, a soldier named Chirico; then a village woman, Francesca Morabito; then two spies, Agostino and Saraceno; then a witness named Crea; then the wife of the said witness, Crea; then the uncle of Zoccali—in the course of a few months each of these was a corpse, each one picked out in an unguarded moment by that awful rifle. Moreover, a young girl who had been betrothed by Musolino—a cousin in fact—had died during his confinement, broken-hearted and sneered at by all her village. Musolino was secretly and accurately informed as to just what persons had made life such a bitterness to this young girl. He made a most correct, conservative selection of those that plainly had been unkind to her.

His Deeds of Kindness.

Of the honesty and gentleness and generosity of Musolino the stories are an endless chain. He is as brave as a badger and as friendly to the helpless as a St. Bernard dog. He does not try to kill when a soldier in pursuit of him and of military duty is at close quarters, but instead he will merely break the soldier's arm or leg with that unerring rifle ball and prevent his continuing the chase. A while ago he was wandering in the hills and met a peasant weeping and lamenting. "What has happened to you?" he asked. The man, a poor drover, explained

that he had been robbed of 4,000 lire while returning from the cattle fair. "By whom?" "By Musolino," declared the man, and he described an impostor, a common road thief, who had done the deed, giving himself out to the victim as Musolino the terrible. "We shall go and find Musolino," said the outlaw. And they did find him. Musolino, with his revolver, made the thief get down on his knees to the drover, confess that he had lied, confiscated his arms, obliged him to restore the money and last gave him a thorough thrashing with the drover's whip. "Now be off!" cried the outlaw, "and remember that Giuseppe Musolino never steals." Then as his impudent counterfeit hobbled away he turned to the drover and said: "I am Musolino. St. Joseph keep you, my friend."

Befriends a Poor Girl.

A young woman one bitter morning was cutting sticks in the woods near Bova. She was shivering from the cold, shoeless and half clad. Musolino came her way. He happened to speak of Bova and the soldiers nearing it in search of the "brigand, Musolino," and the girl answered that "nobody said anything but good of Musolino." Musolino cut her billets for her, gave her a 100-lire note and his own warm silk scarf, carried the wood for her to within a mile of Bova and then with the usual and simple declaration, "Farewell—St. Joseph be with you, I am Musolino," he vanished. The only church in a village near Cirace needed a new roof. The money came one day "from Musolino." Last November an elderly couple living on the Monte Scifa one Sunday night gave Musolino hospitality, not knowing to whom they were kind. In the course of the evening they confided to him their trouble in regard to the illness of their son, for whose proper care they needed a small sum, but one impossible to such a household. After Musolino had gone away at dawn they found a handful of notes, odd silver and copper and with it the line: "I am sorry I have no more. I will try to send the rest. Musolino."

ANDREW JACKSON'S MARRIAGE.

Laws Were Lax, and "Old Hickory" Didn't Much Care for Them.

Of General Jackson's marriage Anna H. Wharton writes as follows in a recent paper:

"It is not our purpose here to discuss the propriety or impropriety of Jackson's marriage with a divorcee. His carelessness in not thoroughly investigating the legal bearings of the case is absolutely unpardonable. There was really no law of divorce in Virginia at this time. The legislature of Virginia passed an act authorizing the Supreme court of Kentucky to try the case with a jury. Robards took no action for two years. Two or three years after their marriage, upon hearing of the final action of the Court of Quarter Sessions of Mercer county, Ky., in granting a divorce, Jackson and Mrs. Robards were married again. 'The circumstances of the marriage were such,' says Mr. Sumner, 'as to provoke scandal at the time, and the scandal, which in the case of a more obscure man would have died out during thirty years of honorable wedlock, came up over and over again during Jackson's career. It is plain that Jackson himself was to blame for contracting a marriage under ambiguous circumstances, and for not protecting his wife's honor by precautions, such as finding out the exact terms of the act of the legislature of Virginia. . . . Having put her in a false position, against which, as a man and as a lawyer, he should have protected her, he was afterward led by his education and the current ways of thinking in the society about him to try to heal the defects of his marriage certificate by shooting any man who dared to state the truth, that said certificate was irregular.'"

Dilettantism a Good Thing.

You can afford the expenditure of a little time and strength given to dilettantism. If our girl has no decided talent for music we should not enforce the harsh decree of entire exclusion of music from her education. Every creature has need of the privilege of making a little melody. Egotism in petty talents is indeed something to be treated with rigor. Children who exaggerate the value of their attainments must be taught the distinction between a vocation and an avocation; the one exacting special ability and a life's devotion, while the other is a species of personal relaxation, with which the world has nothing to do. Every one needs both—a vocation as the means of securing the material blessings of life; an avocation into which the suggestion of profit does not enter. Sometimes the latter is called a hobby, but it does not express the same sense of an engagement so leisurely as to be playful. Hobbies are often pursued with a fixity and fierceness which involves a formidable output of energy, but about an accomplishment that fulfills its natural mission there is a fairy-like lightness. It is taken up and thrown down at will.—Woman's Home Companion.